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often hurry them to misrepresent those who think differently from them. In no cases is fiery zeal more displayed than on the subject of religion, and the principle which ought to moderate human passions, by its misapplication not unfrequently in-

flames them to the greatest excess. Such a course may be generally expected, so long as religion is placed in belief, and external observances, and not in the due regulation of the heart and temper. K.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FUNERAL OF ISABELLA.

By a young Lady.

WHILE sad and solemn sorrow breathes
around,
While bath'd in tears her sad companions mourn,
Mark, as she slowly treads the sainted ground,
A mother's grief o'er Isabella's urn.
"Too late I came," the hapless mourner cries,
"Another breast receiv'd her last dear sigh!"—
What checks each plaint, each murmur as they rise?—
An angel's voice, which breathes this soft reply.
"The host of heaven approve with fond delight,
When virtuous age th' immortal crown receives,
But Oh! with dearer joy they bless the sight
When youth resigned each earthly pleasure leaves.
When youth, when health, when new half-tasted joys,
Hope's spirit gay, and beauty's opening bloom,
Are offer'd all, a willing sacrifice
To him who calls them to an early tomb.
How small the change thus cropt a beautiful flower,
To mould it to ethereal texture bright!
Think ere this moment, touch'd by heavenly power,
She moves a seraph in the realms of light.
A sweeter grace her features soft assume,
To her fair form resplendent wings are given,
Diviner glories all her looks illumine,
And she who charmed on earth now smiles in heaven!"

SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE tailor plies his needle fast
Shoe-makers also use their last,
For all is hurry, all is haste,
On Saturday night.
The labourer receives his hire,
And gratifies his high desire
Of guzzling beer by alehouse fire
On Saturday night.
And oh! how grievous and provoking,
To mend the holes of many a stocking,
While her tired foot the cradle's rocking,
On Saturday night.
See the young boy impatient itches,
To adorn himself with his new breeches,
"It wants good sir, but twenty stitches
This Saturday night.
Young miss has called once, twice or thrice,
She wants her Spanish pumps so nice,
"They shall be done miss in a trice,
This Saturday night,
See posts or hosts where'er he turns
Distract the tradesman's mind which burns,
And oh his wife she only mourns
On Saturday night,
For she has ladie's shoes to bind,
And she has a cross child to mind,
For cares and business are combined,
On Saturday night,
Then let us leave this trading world,
Which in confusion still is hurt'd,
Pains and griefs are all unful'd
On Saturday night.
The lady combs her auburn hair,
No toils and troubles does she share,
But for the morrow does prepare
On Saturday night.
But ah she fears some other belle,
Shall all her ornaments excel,
And to her mind such thoughts are hell
On Saturday night.
The servant maid whose only dower,
Is fame of how that she can scour,
Exerts her skill with all her power
On Saturday night.